A Close Shave (now with art!)

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A Close Shave (now with art!)

by trashbambi

Summary

When he could bear the beard no longer, Hannibal hemmed Will in against the bathroom sink after a shower one morning. His hands came down on the counter on each side of Will's hips, as he pressed up behind him. He kissed a trail down the side of Will's neck, nipping at him every so often.

The soft hum of contentment it earned him was filed away in Hannibal's memory palace. In a room set aside for all Will's audible gifts for later enjoyment.

"Would you allow me to shave you?"

Notes

Thanks to Ish for beta reading!

Fanart by me! Reblog it on tumblr <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Since their tryst in the stairwell, Hannibal and Will had entered into something of a relationship. What, exactly, they were to each other was unspoken. No labels applied to it. Long nights had been spent exploring minds and bodies, sinking into each other so far that neither was sure they'd ever truly part again. They had become conjoined in mind and spirit if not yet in body.

All of Hannibal's plans regarding Will had been swept aside in a single, semi-public rendezvous. They all seemed pointless to him now that they spent most nights wrapped around one another.

It shook Hannibal to the core to realise that what he had wanted most from Will was his attention, to be seen by him. His manipulations had been like a child in the playground pulling the pigtails of the girl he fancied. A practice he had always found abhorrent in others, as well as the parents tendency to explain it away.

When Will's beard started to grow back in, after a solid month of being clean shaven, Hannibal was surprisingly distressed. He had always found Will's scruffiness attractive, a sure case of opposites attracting, so to find himself so afflicted by the first signs of a beard left Hannibal feeling disoriented.

He shouldn't have been too surprised though. After all, when it came to Will, Hannibal often found his reactions to be different than he expected.

The ardency with which Hannibal found himself adoring Will. The want to do nothing but worship him in every possible manner. His inability to stop himself reaching out to pull Will close at every opportunity. All of it was so unusual for Hannibal that it often left him wondering if he was being drugged.

When he could bear the beard no longer, Hannibal hemmed Will in against the bathroom sink after a shower one morning. His hands came down on the counter on each side of Will's hips, as he pressed up behind him. He kissed a trail down the side of Will's neck, nipping at him every so often.

The soft hum of contentment it earned him was filed away in Hannibal's memory palace. In a room set aside for all Will's audible gifts for later enjoyment.

"Would you allow me to shave you?"

"Hmmm, I was going to grow it back. My skins been feeling a bit irritated."

"That's because you insist on using those inferior disposable razors with a lack of a proper skincare routine. Allow me to shave you and show you how to take care of that delectable skin of yours," Hannibal said, bringing a hand up and dragging knuckles lightly over Will's heavily stubbled jaw.

"Fine, you can try. If you cut me with that fancy straight razor of yours though, I'm never letting you shave me again and I'll grow a beard so big, bushy, and unkempt that you'll be

having nightmares over it."

"I rarely have nightmares over anything."

Will turned in Hannibal's arms and pressed a light kiss to his lips, hands resting on his waist. The chaste kiss quickly spiralled into a passionate battle of tongues, as it usually did between them.

"I promise that my hands are far too skilled and steady to knick you by accident."

"It's not the accidents I'm concerned about." Will's hands cupped Hannibal's cheeks, gazing into his eyes with a fond expression. "I much prefer you using your teeth, instead of a blade, to make me bleed. Though I suppose either is acceptable."

Will's words had a visible effect on Hannibal, his pupils dilated as he pressed their bodies closer. Will had quickly worked out that Hannibal had a biting kink a mile wide. The only thing that came close to rivalling it was Hannibal's apparent bloodlust as he lapped and sucked at the wounds he made like a vampire. Not a week went by that there wasn't some kind of publicly visible mark left by Hannibal's mouth that Will only made a token effort to conceal.

"If you do a good job I'll give you a reward," Will promised. He traced the pad of his thumb over Hannibal's lower lip and sighed when Hannibal's tongue slid out to meet it.

"I always do a good job. And having you close is all the reward I'll ever need."

Hannibal's admissions of love were yet to contain the actual word itself, but they never failed to nearly overwhelm Will. His chest ached at the concept of someone genuinely caring for him as a person instead of as just a tool.

Will leaned in for another kiss, trying to make Hannibal aware, through it, all the feelings he couldn't put words to. Hannibal's hands gripped at Will's hips and Will knew his message had been received loud and clear by the shuddering breath Hannibal took after.

"Perhaps we should begin now then. So that I may have my promised reward all the sooner," Hannibal said, an affectionate smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"Where do you want me?"

"Everywhere. However, for now, sitting on the counter shall suffice."

Hannibal's words elicited a soft huff of laughter from Will as he nodded. Pulling back from the embrace, Hannibal moved to retrieve his shaving kit while Will hopped up next to the sink.

Will watched as Hannibal set out his tools on the left over space beside Will's hip, then filled the sink with warm water. The shaving process began with Hannibal gently rubbing a skin conditioning oil into Will's stubble. He lathered up the brush with shaving cream, and carefully stroked it over Will's cheeks. Hannibal coaxed Will's head up with a finger under his chin before applying more to his neck.

“You should always shave after a shower. The heat allows the hairs to soften, making the shave smoother.” Hannibal explained as he readied his next tool.

When Hannibal held up the straight razor Will felt his body warm in anticipation of it against his skin. He couldn’t say he had a genuine knife kink. It was more the idea of Hannibal, specifically, wielding a blade against him. There was the potential for immense danger, and over the past few weeks he’d come to realise that Hannibal was fully capable of causing injury, even to him, without a second thought.

When Will had realised what, and who, Hannibal was weeks ago, he knew he should’ve turned him in. He couldn't, however, bring himself to do it. A dark, selfish want curled inside him at the mere thought of Hannibal being locked away where Will couldn’t get at him.

Will knew Hannibal was aware of his realisation, though they’d not spoken of it. For now, if it kept them together then Will was content to ignore Hannibal’s extra curricular activities. With time he knew he’d likely end up joining Hannibal.

The first stroke of the blade over Will’s skin had him almost jumping away. Only Hannibal’s firm hand on his shoulder kept him in place. It’s firm pressure reminded him that flinching would likely result in a cut.

With each pass of the blade over skin, Will gradually felt one kind of tension melting from him, only to be replaced by another. His cock was soon straining against the front of his boxers, and Will had to hold his uneven breath as Hannibal shaved over his neck.

“Are you enjoying yourself, mylimasis?” Hannibal asked, pausing his task to press a light kiss to Will’s newly shaven cheek. Will just hummed in response, spreading his legs a little. Each press of the sharp edge against his skin had Will breathing a little heavier.

The pressure was enough to slice him open should Hannibal slip or angle the blade too steeply. Despite preferring Hannibal's teeth, the prospect still had Will's cock leaking. Pre-cum soaked a visible damp spot across the front of his tented boxers.

"Such a deviant boy, gaining so much pleasure from having me hold a blade against your neck. Sometimes I question how I managed to stumble upon someone as perfect as you. Let alone how you somehow return my affections despite all you know of me."

Will caught Hannibal's eyes at that. They stayed there, unmoving for a moment, Hannibal with a weapon ready to strike should Will's knowledge pose a threat. Hannibal's face held an edge of cold determination, as if steeling himself for a sudden rejection.

"I'm beginning to understand that it would be rather hypocritical for me to protest your hobbies when I'm discovering the same interests in myself," Will confessed. Immediately Hannibal's expression morphed back into one of total adoration, and he resumed shaving Will's sculpted jaw.

"Such a wonderful boy." The praise had Will fighting back a soft moan and it instead came out as a high, reedy whine. As soon as the last of the hair was removed from Will's jaw, Hannibal put down the razor. As he drained the sink he rest one hand on Will's thigh, thumb rubbing circles over the soft inner flesh.

"Hop off the counter and splash some cold water on your face. It will tighten the pores. Then turn back to me," Hannibal instructed and Will did as he was told. He wet his face, washing away the remnants of shaving cream. He rubbed his hands lightly over his cheeks as he did and marvelled at how smooth they were. It was a much closer shave than he was used to.

When he turned back, Hannibal was holding a small jar. It was uncapped and showing a creamy substance inside with a vague lavender scent. Hannibal scooped some out on two fingers and dabbed it over Will's skin before recapping the jar and placing it on the counter. Warm hands spread the cool lotion over Will's cheeks, chin, and neck, gently massaging it in.

"Moisturizer. You should use it more often. Among it's more well known attributes, it also helps with lessening irritation caused by stubble regrowth."

"It smells nice."

"Yes, Lavender is a very soothing scent. I keep some small bags of dried lavender in my pillow cases as it aides sleep."

"So that's what that scent is. I thought it was your detergent. You don't seem to have trouble sleeping."

"Then it's clearly doing its job, isn't it?" Hannibal teased. Will laughed as the last of the moisturizer was smeared over his neck. Hannibal placed a soft kiss to Will's lips, hands still cupping his cheeks.

"I shall never tire of gazing at your beauty. Somehow you seem to get more handsome every time I look away." Will flushed at the compliment and bat Hannibal's hands away.

“Maybe you need your eyes checked. I just feel more tired every day. I’m sure it shows.”

“Jack is running you ragged trying to catch the ripper.”

“Little does he know I already caught him. And I have no intention of letting him go anywhere without me,” Will said, leaning close to nip at Hannibal’s lower lip. Hannibal’s eyelids drooped and he let out a sigh of delight at the words, a slight smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Hannibal trapped Will against the counter and pressed their bodies close. Will gave a contented hum at the firm press of Hannibal’s cock against his hip, hands moving to tug at the waistband of Hannibal’s pyjama pants. He pulled them down enough that when he let go they fell the rest of the way to the floor, exposing Hannibal’s erection between them.

Will was hit with a vague sense of deja-vu. Last time Hannibal had pinned him against something like this had been at the Lab. He sighed and slid one hand into the soft hair at the nape of Hannibal’s neck. He had no idea how Hannibal kept it so silky and perfect. Even when ruffled it usually fell right back into place.

“Perhaps we should move to the bedroom.” Hannibal said, stepping out of his pants and freeing Will from his place against the counter. Will hummed in agreement but didn’t move, enjoying the sight of Hannibal half bared to him. He glanced to the side at the straight razor and picked it up, holding it out to Hannibal by the blade.

Hannibal stared at the presented handle for a moment before looking up at Will with a raised brow, reaching out to take it. The keen edge of the blade whispered against Will’s palm as it was removed. Not enough pressure to cut, but enough to remind him of just how sharp it was.

“If you’d like me to include this in whatever we do next, you’ll need to ask for it directly. I’ll not take any chances with your well-being.”

“A few weeks ago you’d do anything to take chances will my well-being.” Will quipped and Hannibal’s lips twisted in displeasure at the reminder.

“A few weeks ago I was sure that you’d not return my affections unless I manipulated you into relying on me for stability. I was foolish.”

“I want you to use the razor. Hold it to my throat as you take me. Cut me a little if you want to.”

“Do you want me to?”

Will was silent for a moment and Hannibal watched the emotions play across his face. Will wanted Hannibal to mark him, to taste Will’s blood on his lips. The fact he wanted to trust someone who could very easily, and likely remorselessly, kill him, with a blade to his throat had Will questioning his sanity.

“It’s not very sane of me I know. But I want it. I want you to make it scar. And I want you to taste me,” Will said. Hannibal was still close enough that Will could clearly see his pupils

dilate at the prospect. Will glanced down at his cock and let out a small huff of a laugh as it strained and a bead of precum rolled over the frenulum.

“You really like the idea of that, huh? You can do it. Please. Be rough with me. Cut me.” Will looked back up and his tongue slipped out to wet his lower lip.

Hannibal’s own lips twitched into a snarl, and the next thing Will knew he was being manhandled toward the bedroom. Once there he wasted no time in stripping Will and himself of their last few articles of clothing and pushed Will down onto the mattress. Will rolled onto his back and shuffled up the bed, settling into a comfortable position.

“I’d like to watch you prepare yourself for me,” Hannibal told him. He placed the razor on the table beside the bed and opened the drawer. He took out a bottle of lube and tossed it to Will, who caught it easily and pumped a generous amount onto his fingers.

Seeing Will spread his legs and push two fingers into himself had Hannibal taking himself in hand and stroking slowly. In truth, Hannibal had wanted their first time to be more romantic than this. He’d wanted to cook Will a lavish meal, ply him with expensive wines, give him a luxurious full body massage before spreading him open and taking him slowly. Then they would have relaxed together in a bath treated with salts and oils.

As much as he’d wanted that, the prospect of Will now offering himself up the way that he was, had Hannibal rapidly losing any control he had left. The sight of Will fingering himself open for Hannibal, had him reach out a hand to smooth over Will’s tensing thigh. He murmured soft encouragements and praise as Will stretched himself, and reached for a condom. Will grabbed the packet with his free hand and tossed it out of reach, onto the floor.

"No. I want to feel you. We're clean. I want you to cum in me," Will said, and Hannibal felt the last of his restraint crumble. He grabbed the backs of Will’s thighs and hoisted his lower half off the bed. Will yelped and his fingers slipped out from himself to grab at Hannibal’s arm.

The new position bared Will to him completely and Hannibal leant in, drawing the flat of his tongue over Will’s stretched, slick entrance. The ring of muscle clenched and twitched against Hannibal’s mouth as he lapped at it. Will squirmed in Hannibal’s grip and let out a stream of choked back gasps.

The thought of rimming had never really crossed Will’s mind as something that would ever be done to him. Of course he knew the concept, but to actually have a mouth teasing him there was an odd but pleasing experience. It felt far more intimate to him than any other sexual act had before and a flush of embarrassment was creeping up his chest and neck to colour his cheeks.

“Damn, Hanni. Please don’t stop!” Will said, though this had the opposite of the desired effect. Hannibal lifted his head at the use of the nickname and looked at Will with a slightly dazed expression, though he said nothing. His brows were furrowed and lips parted slightly, a smudge of spit glistening on his chin.

“Fuck, what is it? Why’d you stop?” Will asked, looking at Hannibal the best he could from his folded over position. Hannibal moved one hand to rub his thumb over Will’s perineum, massaging the area slightly and making Will let out a soft groan.

“I believe that’s the first time anyone has ever called me by a shortened version of my name… I’m sorry, it distracted me for a moment.”

“You’ve never—ah—had a nickname before?”

“Not one that shortens my name, and never said directly to me. I find I rather enjoy it.”

“Good, because I might end up using it a lot in bed. It’s a bit difficult to—mhh—form full words when you make me feel so damn—ah—good,” Will admitted. The confession had Hannibal’s lips twisting in a smirk as he returned to his task. He stretched Will’s hole slightly with his thumb and pressed the point of his eager tongue into him.

Will slipped a hand into Hannibal’s hair, holding him in place as that tongue was thrust into him slowly. It felt too good and Will’s cock strained, leaking a steady trickle of precum onto his stomach.

“Fuck. Hanni, please… If you don’t fuck me soon I’m gonna—ahhh—I’m gonna cum. I want your cock in me.” Will pleaded, breathing laboured. He could feel his orgasm racing towards him and didn’t want to cum before Hannibal was filling him.

Hannibal pulled back once more, smearing spit and lingering lube over and into Will’s entrance. He lowered Will’s hips to a more comfortable position and leaned over him, guiding his cock with one hand. The other planted beside Will’s shoulder to support himself as he pressed a series of hungry kisses to Will’s lips.

Slowly the head pushed past twitching muscle. Hannibal kept up the pressure until he was fully seated inside Will, foreheads pressed together. They both lay there panting as they tried to calm themselves enough that they wouldn’t go off at the first movement. Will realised a little more prep might have been ideal, the sting overrode any pleasure for a moment and he gripped Hannibal’s shoulders tight.

“Stay… stay there for… for a minute. Please. ” Will asked, eyes closed as he breathed through the discomfort. A hand on his cock a moment later successfully distracted him as Hannibal stroked him firmly.

Hannibal rolled his hips when Will gave a small nod to indicate he was ok. The slow drag inside him was far more pleasurable than he remembered. He wondered if that was a side effect of who he was with. In the past being penetrated had felt good, but never this intense, especially when they’d just started. Maybe Hannibal was just bigger than he was used to.

The first hard thrust caught Will off guard and he cried out, arching up against Hannibal as he drove his head back into the pillows. Hannibal was just the right shape and size to press against all the right places. He’d never felt so whole before, it was intoxicating.

“Harder… fuck, Hannibal… fuck me harder,” Will said. He bit his lip and rolled his hips to match Hannibal’s movements as best he could. Hannibal responded eagerly to the order, slamming into Will and driving the air from his lungs in harsh pants.

Having Hannibal so deep inside him was driving Will nearly insane with both pleasure and pure need. They could never be close enough. Will wanted them to merge and their atoms fuse so they could never be ripped apart.

Hannibal paused to reach over to the side table. He grabbed the straight razor and brought the flat of it to the base of Will’s throat. Will tensed as the first touch of cold steel against his heated skin.

All movement, except an excited and somewhat fearful tremble from Will, stopped as they gazed at each other. He could see the hunger as it pooled in Hannibal’s eyes. They looked almost crimson in the dim light of the bedroom. The colour of the blood Hannibal would draw from him if Will moved even a little.

The blunt edge was dragged down and over a nipple before it was turned as a short cut was made diagonally, near the collarbone. Will hissed at the sting of the blade, looking down at himself as blood welled from the shallow gash.

Hannibal lifted the blade a safe distance away and gave a few short, sharp thrusts. Will cried out, one hand twisting on the sheets as the other gripped Hannibal’s thigh with bruising force.

Hannibal moved the blade back to Will’s neck, laying it across the front in a way that meant Will could feel it, but some movement wouldn’t cause injury. Hannibal continued to move his hips in a slow, careful pattern.

Each deep, drawn out thrust punched a deliciously breathless moan from Will’s lips. Hannibal had never heard anything so perfect. Nothing else could compare to knowing he was pulling such beautiful sounds from Will. He whispered soft praise and compliments against Will’s lips between ravenous kisses.

His words caused the flush on Will’s cheeks to darken. No one had ever lavished him with such compliments and care before.

Hannibal positioned the blade over the other side of Will’s chest, lingering for a moment and rubbing the blunt edge around the nipple. A moment later he sliced a matching mark above it in the opposite direction as before. Will twisted beneath Hannibal, instinctually trying to move away from the sharp pain with a gasp.

“Would you like me to continue?” Hannibal asked and Will nodded, not trusting his voice. Hannibal leaned down as he rolled his hips slowly. He traced his tongue along the edge of the wound and the metallic tang of blood blossomed in his mouth. His hips jerked unevenly as he moaned, flicking the tip of his tongue into the wound.

Tears welled in Will’s eyes as Hannibal lapped and sucked at each wound. Winding his fingers in Hannibal’s hair, Will wasn’t sure if he wanted to pull his head away or push him closer.

Hannibal slowed, then stilled the movement of his hips. He positioned the tip of the razor to the center of Will's chest and drew it slowly, carefully down his sternum. Hannibal lifted the blade to steady himself. His breath and hand shook, too worked up from being allowed to do this to Will. A shudder of need rolled down his body and his hips gave an uneven jerk. The blade scraped against Will's side and he hissed, Hannibal tearing his gaze from the Y shaped incision on Will's chest.

"Would you like more? Or have you had your fill for now?"

"Thats-thats enough for now—fuck please—fuck me now. Fuck me till I cum," Will gasped. His hands slid down from Hannibal's hair to stroke over his chest, lightly tugging the hair there instead. Hannibal smiled down at him, eyes roving over the blood sluggishly welling from the cuts and his generally ravished appearance.

"You look incredibly beautiful like this. Bleeding, and needy beneath me. Do you feel beautiful, Will?"

"You make me feel… feel beautiful. It's not some-something I'd ever… I'd ever considered myself as being but… but yes." Will managed to force out after a moment's hesitation.

"Good. You deserve to feel good about yourself. Relax into everything you are. Every facet of your being is breathtaking," Hannibal said and gave a sudden thrust, dragging his cock over Will's prostate. The sudden stimulation had Will gritting his teeth.

Will's thoughts became white noise and he lost whatever train of thought he'd been following, about indulging the darker side of himself that he usually kept locked away. Hannibal made him want to give in to those impulses, to join him in all his endeavours.

Hannibal picked up a brutal pace and all Will could do was try his best to stave off his suddenly impending climax. It was too soon, he wanted to spend eternity feeling Hannibal inside him like this. It felt too good though and each rub the Hannibal's cock over his prostate forced Will closer to completion.

"Hah-Hanni… gonna... gonna cum. Don't want to yet… don't want to stop," Will gasped, fingers gripping Hannibal's hair tightly as he locked his thighs tight around Hannibal's hips. As if that would help stage off his orgasm. Hannibal hushed him and mouthed along his smooth jaw, fang-like teeth scraping over the skin.

"I won't stop. You can cum. Just because you climax doesn't mean we have to stop. Not unless you need me to," Hannibal assured him. Will whimpered as his body started to tense, Hannibal not letting up for even a moment.

A sob was wrenched from Will's throat as he came, clinging to Hannibal like a raft in a stormy sea. Stars burst behind his clenched eyelids, and choked gasps fell from Will's lips as his release painted their skin.

Hannibal continued to move, though the tightness around his cock now was almost too much for him. So pleasurable that it was almost painful. His voice was strained as he whispered encouragements against Will's skin. He shifted their position as Will's climax petered out,

sitting up, with hands gripping at the curve between Will's hip and thigh as he pounded into him.

Will let out a tense sob at the overstimulation, eyes watering. It was so good, and the constant pressure inside him caused a slow, steady dribble of cum to leak from his cock. He didn't want Hannibal to stop.

"Keep going. Fuck please. Keep fucking me," Will said. Begging, pleading for Hannibal to keep going. Hannibal's breathing was laboured and their skin slick with sweat. Leaning over him, Hannibal bit at one of the wounds on his chest, tearing it open once more. Blood smeared across Will's chest and Hannibal's lips.

Will's last strip of conscious thought was ripped from him as he was forced into a second orgasm. His entire body was thrown into spasms and he clawed raggedly at Hannibal's back. His mouth hung open in an attempt to make noise, though none came out, his breathing momentarily halted.

The tightness around Hannibal had his brutal pace faltering, his own climax wrenched from him then. He pistoned into Will a few more times before his movements slowed completely, soft gasps slipping from his lips as he spilled inside Will.

They both stilled, Hannibal resting inside Will and savouring the still twitching muscles around him. It felt as close to heaven as Hannibal had ever come. His eyes remained closed as he nuzzled against Will's chest, enjoying the mixed scent of Will, sex, and blood.

After a moment a hand began to stroke through his hair and Hannibal's shoulders shook gently. Will realised he was crying. Hannibal's breath hitched and caught in his throat as tears mixed with the blood smeared between them.

"I love you." Fell from Will's lips in a rush of breath. The sound of those words had Hannibal letting out a choked sob. Will's arms wrapped around him, keeping Hannibal close against his chest. Nothing more was said for a while as Hannibal gathered himself back together. Will did nothing more than stroke Hannibal's back with tender motions as he held him.

It was a good ten minutes before Hannibal calmed enough to lift himself from Will, slipping out of him with a grunt from both of them. He shifted to lay beside Will, slipping an arm under his head and pulling him in close again.

"We should clean your wounds soon."

"They'll be more likely to scar if we don't."

"I wouldn't want them to become infected. We can ensure they scar while still keeping them clean if that's what you want." The thought of Will carrying marks from their first time for the rest of his life, made Hannibal's chest constrict as his possessive streak reared its head.

"Yeah, I want them to scar. I want to always be reminded our first time. Not that I'm likely to forget without the scars. If I saw you everyday forever, I would remember this time." Will

felt a little foolish at how sentimental he was being. It's not like it was the first time they'd gotten off together, or one of them losing their virginity. Still, it felt special all the same.

Hannibal buried his face against Will's curls and inhaled, holding back another wave of tears that threatened to fall. After a few moments Hannibal extracted himself from Will's arms and retrieved the medical kit he kept in the bathroom. He tended to Will's wounds and covered them with gauze to stop them catching on the sheets as they slept.

Once Will was patched up and they were both given a quick wipe down with a cloth, Hannibal settled back in beside Will. They lay there quietly for awhile, just basking in each other's company.

"Perhaps you could resign. We could go on an extended holiday somewhere far out of Jack's reach. There are many places and sights I would enjoy introducing you to," Hannibal said after a while, fingers tracing patterns absently over Will's back.

"Are you asking me to run away with you?"

"Yes. Will you?" Hannibal asked. Will leaned back so he could look up at Hannibal properly. He studied his face carefully, seeing the look of hope Hannibal was failing to hide.

"I'd love to see anything you have to show me. But the dogs…"

"We can bring them with us."

"All seven of them?" Will asked, and fought a smile at the hesitation on Hannibal's face. He'd quickly become adept at picking out the subtle shift of muscles that made Hannibal's micro expressions.

Will really did want to go with Hannibal, wherever he would take them. Perhaps it was time to downsize his pack. He'd never intended to keep the dogs long term, only until they'd found a permanent home. But somehow he'd ended up hoarding more than a few.

"I'd intended to rehome them from the start. Looks like I got a bit attached. Perhaps you might know some worthy friends of yours who might be looking for a companion? You know they're all well behaved and I'd feel good knowing they were with someone who could afford to care for them properly," Will said, and Hannibal visibly relaxed, a thoughtful twist to his lips as he considered the people he knew.

"Well, I'm sure Alana would be agreeable to taking one. And there are perhaps a few clients I feel would benefit from having a loyal companion," Hannibal said, pulling Will back down against his chest.

Will nuzzled against him and sighed, enjoying the brush of hair against his smooth cheeks. This was quickly becoming his favourite position. Though it vied for first place with when he woke to the weight of Hannibal sprawled over him.

"I want to keep Winston," Will said as he thought about his lonely home back in Wolf Trap. Any house would feel empty to him without at least one canine companion, even if Hannibal

were there.

“Winston is the most well behaved, so I believe I can see my way to agreeing.”

“How long would it take to organise whatever papers we’d need for him? And I’ll need to check that his vaccines are updated. And find homes for the others. Would we ever be coming back at all? What about Abigail?” Will was suddenly anxious over the whole prospect.

Running away with Hannibal seemed idyllic on the surface, though there were still logistical matters that needed to be dealt with before they could leave.

Part of Will was shocked at his own willingness to just up and leave with someone who, a few months ago, he’d not known and deemed uninteresting. Now though he couldn’t think of anyone who interested him more.

Will knew that he’d never find anyone more suited for him than Hannibal. And the fact that with Hannibal he didn’t have to hide the things he’d been building walls around for so long was heady and intoxicating.

“Hush, Will. We’ll worry about all of that in the morning. For now, rest.” Hannibal pressed a kiss to the crown of Will’s head.

Will sighed and his lips twisted in amusement as Hannibal stifled a yawn. He still found it novel when Hannibal did everyday things like yawn or shave. For so long he’d seen Hannibal as some kind of eldritch horror, above such mundane needs. But it turns out he was just as human as anyone else.

Hannibal’s yawn was contagious, spreading to Will who tucked his face against Hannibal’s shoulder as it hit. He gave a soft hum of contentment and the anxiety over their newly agreed upon move seeped out of him as Hannibal held him close. Within a few short minutes, they were both asleep.

End Notes

COMMENTS AND KUDOS FUEL MY SOUL.

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